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ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE GRANT AND COLFAX CLUB
OF CHESTER,

By Gen. E. F. BEALE,

ON FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 23, 1868.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—When I had the honor to address you a few short weeks ago, we were pushing forward in the full confidence of a victory we have since obtained. Practically, the election is decided, but we must not rest contented with simple success on this occasion; on the contrary, we must re-double our exertions, so that so great a majority shall be given in November as to convince the world of the supremacy of Republican sentiment throughout our entire country. We must do for the South now, what would have been done but for a delinquent President—the heir of an appalling crime—at the conclusion of the rebellion: teach it that treason, neither armed or under the cloak of politics, can ever succeed on American soil. We must convince them it is a wicked waste of time, and an encouragement of crime, disorder, and ruin to themselves, to attempt a defiance of the awful majesty of the will of a free people determined to uphold the institutions of their country. Let the South look to it—let her give up a vain struggle to uphold the wrong against the right. Let her cease to carry about forever in her breast the serpent of Secession, which as often as she warms it into life will strike its poisonous fangs into her vitals. The example which the North has set her she has not followed. We disabled armies larger than hers, and our people have returned themselves to all the arts of Peace, and under its influence every branch of trade is reviving; but the South, tempted by a fatal

delusion, is encouraging all the idleness and disorder of a period of war without the pretext of even a bad cause, which lent it something of dignity. The dreadful crime of Booth finds its imitators in the hideous assassins of the Ku-Klux-Klan, and the wholesale slaughter of great battles which shook the continent with their thunders, is imitated in the comparatively noiseless but incessant murder of loyal men.

It is time to put a stop to all this. Let the Southern people give up murder as a fine art and go heartily to work to cultivate the fields instead of wasting time in complaints of their desolation. I do not know, but sometimes I despair of the South, when I see her apparently bent on her own misery and self-destruction.

It brings one to recall the dreadful vision of Dante, and to the belief that man and serpent have grown inseparable there. In that awful picture he draws, he speaks of standing on the shores of that dread lake whose waves are fire breaking on shores of brimstone, when he saw walking there a newly arrived culprit doomed to eternal punishment. As he advanced, along that gloomy beach, suddenly a serpent—six legged and loathsome to behold—sprang from the rocks upon him. From its long claws were faucets in his shoulder, his sides, his loins, and its sharp mouth sucked from his victim the breath of his lungs; and presently the sharp talons imbedded in the flesh grew to be a part of the man, the bodies grew together, and man and serpent locked in that fatal union

became one with each other, and went forever about the dreary shores of hell, filled with mutual and unavailing loathing, and cursing God. Oh, people of the South, while it is yet time, turn from the error of your ways. The whole North credit you with possession of many virtues, but you are the victim of your own follies, which are fast growing to be a part of you, and which will soon become rooted and inseparable in your bodies, and far beyond all power of excision. Turn to the North, not as your enemy, but as your friend, and recognize gratefully the magnanimous generosity of your conquerors, who are willing to raise from the dust their rebellious brothers and restore them every forfeited right of citizens; but you must not expect to dictate to us as in former times before your great crime, or to cajole us into an oblivion of justice, which should always accompany slavery. You must not ask us to forget or abandon those of your people who dared every persecution at your hands, rather than bow the knee to the hideous idol which you have substituted for the Godless of Liberty.—We owe the loyal union men of the South protection, and we mean to give it.

Nor must you ask us to forget the humble freedman whose rights we will defend as long as we remember his defence of our own.—Cease then, we say to you, to wage an unavailing war against the splendid destiny we invite you to share with us. Come and join us as brothers. Show your repentance by a cordial obedience to the law. Arouse yourselves and put a stop to the carnival and growing appetite for violence which should have ceased with the war, and occupy yourselves with similar industry in a cheerful and genial development of the beautiful country you inhabit, then, and only then, we will extend to you not only the hand of welcome, but open our arms, our very hearts, and take you to them “with Charity for all, and malice toward none.”

And now a word to the North—to the great War Democracy of the North, whom every Republican feels is worthy of his respect and friendship, and who stood shoulder to shoulder with the Boys in Blue, when our common country called for their aid. We differ from

them in opinion, but we cannot but respect them for the proofs they have given of patriotism; but for the wretched class of traitors—the vile followers and scurvy imitators of such infamous wretches as Vallandigham and his class, I can find no terms of contempt in which to clothe my language when I think of them. Think how they strove to crawl upon their knees to the footstool of that demon of cruelty and vindictiveness, Davis. Think how, as often as he kicked them with haughty pride away, they at last sought to gain his bloodish heart by bringing the very plague itself into their own country. Ah, God forbid we should ever permit one of the wretched gang of domestic traitors to hold authority in the land they would have destroyed. But to you Democrats—we appeal with extended hands to brothers—why will you withhold your support from principles to which you are greatly attached, and give up all your ancient loyalty to the cause of freedom for a name—it is only a name—which now holds you together as a party? Let me ask, if you were greatly attached to a particular form of religion, willing to die for it, to be burned at the stake, to suffer the loss of every earthly thing for it, and in the mutation of time it took, by accident, another name, carrying with it, and retaining all its vital principles however, and that the old name by which you had first known it, had been usurped by those who had reviled and persecuted you under it, and they too retaining their vital principles—would you be so dull as to join your persecutors for the sake of the name, or would you follow your principles under their new name? This is exactly the case with you now. Under Jackson you were persecuted by nullification, until he leading you put it under his heel, but unhappily did not kill, only choked it a little. Now, under Lincoln, it revives with tenfold vigor, and because we have changed our name since Jackson's days, but retained his principles, you cannot free yourselves from the tyranny of custom, but join his enemies and ours against your own former principles under the influence of a name.—Every principle we offer you is Democratic and Republican—Equality of all before the

law—A government by the will of the majority of the people—Honesty in the discharge of national obligations. All these are Democratic enough, one would think, and last of all, we say, with your great Jackson, the Union must and shall be preserved. Against this place the weak and silly shibboleth, that this is a white man's government, which means nothing more or less than nullification again, by declaring null and void the acts of Congress, precisely as Calhoun proposed in 1832. Give up then this servile adherence to a name, which like a withered flower has lost all the color and the perfume which made it beautiful, and come and pluck with us the ever-living amaranth of pure republican growth. It is Republican institutions which we wish to found, to secure, to perpetuate, and the mere name under which we are successful, for successful we are determined to be, does not matter in the least.

"How is it the principles did not keep the name?" I hear some one ask. I do not know; but having used religion as an illustration, I propose to continue it.

The Catholic church was undoubtedly the first Christian congregation; but after long years of unopposed power and supremacy, it grew corrupt. Indulgences to commit crime were sold publicly by a priest named Tetzel,—a sort of mediæval Snowden. Luther, another priest, protested against this, and burned the Papal bulls at Wittenberg, making a sort of literary ox-roast of them; because, I suppose, he was tired of a diet of Worms, and reformed the Catholic religion—so many thousands then, and many millions since thought—and his Catholic principles unchanged—only purified—took the name of Protestant, because he protested against abuses in the church. Now no one supposes that Martin Luther changed the religion of Christ. He did in religion just what in politics we did. In fact, the Republican party are simply *Protestant Democrats*—protesting against the designs of a Democratic Pope, and his right to arrogate to himself political infallibility, or the divine right of slavery and rebellion, or to make false naturalization papers at the rate of hundreds a day. Listen to what

Judge Agnew says in his letter to the Prothonotary Tetzel—Snowden, I mean:

"In twelve judicial days, from the 31st day of September to the 3d day of October inclusive, you have permitted to be run through 5,458 sets of papers averaging only 39 seconds for each set. The whole number on the 28th was 720, averaging only 25 seconds to a set."

Or, to make a homely illustration: for the first batch of thirty-nine seconds each, four full-fledged American citizens, clothed with all the privileges of freemen, created while Dexter would trot a fast mile heat. But trotting got too slow, and on the 28th they brought it down to twenty-five seconds each, or in about the time Lexington could run a mile dash, that four citizens were created.

My friends: The ballot-box is the ark of our covenant with liberty. Pollute it with fraud, or learn to look on it with contempt, or fail to rally to its defence when assailed, and you have taken the first step in your decline from power; and the historian is now living who may write your fall from among the nations of the earth. When you degrade that common right, or permit it to be degraded by others, you are no longer worthy the protection of Providence, for having had the knowledge of good and evil placed before you, you will have deliberately thrown away the one so full of health and political life, to take up that which is deadly poison to the State. It is the holiest and highest political right, without which there is no liberty, no hope for the institutions of our country, no republican form of government, and by whichever party, fraud in the act of voting is attempted or permitted, the result is alike equally disastrous to both. Can there be a higher crime than that which strikes at the root and undermines the very foundation of our Government, which demoralizes the people, which makes a fraud of their forms, transforms the solemn rite they are performing into an indecent mockery, laughs at justice, and makes the name of Republican citizen a word of scorn?

Oh that I had language that would burn into your souls the sentiments I feel on this subject—that I could make you feel as I do, that this great evil, unchecked by popular indignation, will prove a frost which will nip our bud-

ding greatness just as surely as that of heaven shrivels and sears, and withers the autumn leaves around us. Do not flatter yourselves that only your opponents are capable of this crime. We are all the same people. The danger is that this great vice may become popular by our familiarity with it, and by retaliation in party strife; but the moment it does, both parties will be overwhelmed in the shock which will uproot the pillars of State and bury all indiscriminately beneath its ruins. So deeply do I feel on this subject, that earnestly as I long for the paramount success of our party, I declare to you to-night, I would expose as willingly a Republican as a Democrat detected in so vile a crime; and if by a single fraudulent vote I could turn the balance, as it hung in even poise, to our side, I would not do it. I call upon both parties; I appeal to all to exert their utmost influence to cure this deadly cancer which is the loathsome sore upon our national body, and which, unchecked, will bring us down in suffering, sorrow and disgrace to our national grave.

Now it is against the sale of such indulgences we protest. We protest against the repudiation of the debt. We protest against any form of human slavery, and against all forms of nullification, and we preach the old democratic doctrine, that "The Union must and shall be preserved." That is all I know as to the reason why we did not keep the name of Democracy with us, instead of its principles.

A word as to religion. Let no one suppose I have intended disrespect to the Catholic faith. I know too much of history for that, and have too much respect for all Christian religions, to wish, think, or speak harm of any of them; and the Catholic church has furnished too many good and illustrious men to the world, that any man of sense should treat it with disrespect; but the illustration I have used came unbidden to my mind, and I hope I have done no harm with it. I do not believe any religion should have too much power, because power in religion, as well as elsewhere becomes a tyranny, when unchecked by opposition, and permitted as a monopoly—and so it is with political parties.

I would not, if I could, confine the State

to a single party. They have, like the trees of the forest, their buds, their blossoms, and their fruit. Your old Democratic party was a sturdy oak—a giant of the forest—but time touched it, and its branches withered. It grew hollow-hearted and rotten, until, at last, the life-giving sap—that blood of trees—only circulated on its Southern side. It was becoming dangerous, that old oak—many of its limbs began to fall, and to crush beneath them the people they should have sheltered; so we set a rail-splitter at work to cut it down, and the only use we can make of the remainder is to give the venerable bark to a tanner. Too long a possession of power by a political party makes them tyrannous and forgetful of their original principles. These principles are then taken up, at first by a patriotic few, a reformation commences, and in a republic a reformation is always successful. This is precisely what has happened to the Democratic party. Years of power made it insolent and rebellious in 1860, and it is about to be finally beaten, overthrown, and reformed in 1868.

But I must restrain myself, and remember that I am called before you, to-night, not to indulge my fancy with new themes, but to repeat to you those of a former occasion. Nor can I imagine a more enviable position, nor one better calculated to fill a speaker with gratified pride, than to be surrounded, as I am, by friends and neighbors, and relations, the companions of my home, who have paid me the compliment to ask an expression of my opinion, as much, I trust, from partiality to the speaker, as for the matter spoken. Pausing, then, no longer than to congratulate you on our late brilliant successes—which I do most heartily—and to reiterate the fact that no victory is complete until the last armed foe has laid down his arms, I shall pursue my promise to renew former arguments, asking from you in return, however, that you will demand from our opponents, in November, an unconditional surrender."

When a question of such importance as the election of a President is before the people, it becomes the duty of every individual to vote, not with regard to the party feeling which would

influence him on ordinary occasions, but in accordance with convictions drawn from facts presented by the condition of national affairs, and deliberate reflection on them. This is the duty of a good citizen, at all times, but more especially at this moment, when we have arrived at a crisis in our public affairs, on which depend the welfare and permanent prosperity of our country, and, as I solemnly believe, even its unity as a nation.

The issues presented for your consideration are those of Progress—National Integrity—Indivisibility of the Union, and Loyalty to the cause of Republican Institutions, by the Republican party; and, on the other hand, by your opponents. Anarchy—a backward march in Civilization—a return to the old mismanagement of a Slave-holding Aristocracy—Disloyalty to the Government—Destruction of Public Credit by dishonest repudiation of National Obligation, and, lastly, Civil War.

I take it for granted, the most radical rational Democrat will admit, that when they charge the Republican party with the responsibility of bringing on the late war of the Rebellion, they know it is false; and, without going into any discussion on the subject, I am willing to rest upon the solemn asseveration of what all Democrats will consider good authority, the publicly expressed opinion of the Vice President of the Confederacy—Alexander H. Stephens—who, at Atlanta, Georgia, before the assembled people, then discussing their treason, defied any man to point to a single instance in which Southern rights had been denied by the North. The part of the war our party is responsible for, was, from its commencement by Rebels, to its victorious close by Republican armies. We made ourselves responsible for its vigorous prosecution, during four years, for the salvation of the country. In fact, secession was the result of a long preconceived and preconcerted plan, which had its source and fountain-head away back in the days of Nullification, and its success was predicated on Northern lack of courage and military spirit.

But the war and who began it, are things of the past. Its result we know and feel. We came out of it free from the curse of slavery,

and I only wish we had fought it for that express and particular purpose.

That our expenses were enormous during that long and bloody struggle, is true, and that it has left us a debt and burthen and necessity of taxation, which but for it we would never have known is equally true; but what would Democrats demand of us? Was it expected we could prosecute a four years war, with armies in the field such as the world had never seen before—operating at the distant extremities of a continent apart—created out of the imminent necessities of the moment in the desperate condition of the country, without incurring a debt? How was such an unforeseen and gigantic war to be conducted on any possible system of economy? Economy comes from system, system from experience—our war had no parallel in history, consequently no system. To-day a battle fought afar off on the distant frontier of New Mexico, in defence of cities whose very names are foreign to your ears. To-morrow another in Florida, the next another in Virginia. To-day, the whole country in gloom and despair at defeat on the Potomac, and to-morrow a small ray of hope from Donelson.

When I look back and consider the unprepared condition of our people, the inexperience of our rulers, and the wide-spread consternation which seized on all, at the overwhelming events, which like the great tidal wave that preceded the late earthquake in Peru, seemed about to engulf us, I stand amazed and awed at the evident interposition of the hand of God to save us from destruction, and at the patriotism, and genius, and nerve, and valor of his chosen instruments, which in the midst of all this panic, and confusion, and disaster stood firm and steady, and out of the gloomy labyrinth of war found us a path to the broad and cheerful highways of Peace. And yet Democrats talk to us of debt and taxes! Why, of course we have a debt and taxes; and how would they have carried on the war?

If one might judge from their standard-bearer's actions, they would have joined the South in separating this country into half a

dozen different Republics, and a nice mess they would have made of it! I should like to know how any member of this assembly would feel to-day without the American flag over him. And yet, that we are one and united—though sorely bruised and buffeted, still a nation—we owe to the war we fought, to keep us so, and if debt and taxation came of our necessities, we mortgaged the whole country for the payment, and we will pay it too, every dollar. Could the Democratic party have fought the war for less? Why, by the time poor old Mr. Buchanan had found authority in his law books to put down rebellion, Jeff. Davis would have been in Boston, and his co-conspirator, Toombs, have fulfilled his arrogant boast of calling his slave roll from Bunker Hill.

Yes, the taxes are great we will admit, but if they were as oppressive as the Democrats say, our resources are vast—incredible, prodigious! But are the poor, as Democrats tell us, so frightfully oppressed? Then why are we constantly receiving such thousands and thousands of emigrants. Emigration does not flow into a poverty-stricken and oppressed country; on the contrary it flies from those evils to better its condition in one of fruitfulness and prosperity. From Germany alone we are to receive in the coming spring 180,000 emigrants.

Does any intelligent man believe that we, as a party, desire to oppress the poor, as Democratic leaders are everywhere asserting? What object would we have? The weight and burden of taxation falls chiefly on the rich; and the laborer has never been better off than at the present time. It is the luxuries and superfluities of the wealthy which bear the brunt of taxation. The Government will raise 330,000,000 of dollars by taxation this year, it is true, but how? \$160,000,000 is by taxing foreign imports, which tax protects you in your domestic manufactures, and frees you from foreign competition. Would you manufacturers like this removed? \$170,000,000 is raised by internal revenue of which \$25,000,000 is from income tax receipts. Now, no man pays a dollar of income tax until he has first deducted all the expenses of his business, and

has therefrom, over and above a clear, unincumbered one thousand dollars a year, so this cannot oppress the poor; and so in running over the entire list, you will find that of all this vast sum the luxuries of the rich are taxed to furnish the most of it, and only about seventy millions are raised from taxing necessities common to all the people. Whisky pays about sixty millions, and tobacco about twenty, and these with the stamp tax, the tax on gold and silver plate, places of amusement and indulgence, National Banks, &c., not one of which affect or concern the poor man, make up this monstrous oppression of the poor, of which our opponents are continually speaking, and by which they are endeavoring to delude the ignorant among the people. Against this fair and equal system let us place the abominable and monstrous proposition of Democracy to tax every thing at its real value, so that a barrel of ale for the rich man would be subject to the same tax as the poor man's barrel of flour. Let me ask you, how would you like to see the same tax applied to milk which is assessed on whisky, your church taxed just as the negro minstrels, in fact, every luxury, entirely useless to the laborer, taxed like bread and salt, and every positive need taxed like a luxury? Here is the resolution—it speaks for itself, and tells its own story:

Resolved, That we demand the equalization of every species of property according to its real value, including Government bonds and securities."

Why, under its monstrous demands, we should be obliged to alter the form of our common prayer, and while we asked humbly for our daily bread, we should have to add, a supplication that Democrats should not be permitted to tax it.

But we admit the debt, and ask what will you do with it? Is it fair—is it honest—is it decent to complain of a debt which has secured us unity as a nation, and which ten years hence will be liquidated by honesty in the ordinary development of our resources?

Let me take such a one with me across this boundless continent of ours. Let me show him what only those can appreciate who have seen the enormous untouched and undevelop-

ed wealth which as yet has not even been mapped, and but partially explored. Let me say to him, that but a few years ago I explored a region marked upon our best maps as uninhabitable or unexplored desert. Let me endeavor to imbue him with my feelings—as with a few friends, who were filled with forebodings of the gloomiest nature—on the confines of civilization, and who had followed me there to say farewell, we stood on a mountain ridge, bending our eyes into that unknown land, with the map laid out at our feet, and its ominous unexplored desert marked across its face.

As the sun went down they bade us good-bye and departed. As the sun rose we took it on our backs and marched until we found it in our faces. Days, weeks, months, a year, we were buried in that solitude; but I can point him now to cities, towns, hamlets, mills, orchards, farms. I can show him there a wealth of minerals such as Aladdin's lamp never displayed to its happy possessor—a wealth of agriculture such as even this favored county cannot boast, and a people as active, as brave, and as intelligent as ever earned their bread by the sweat of their brow.

But a few years ago California was unknown, and now she exports wheat and flour to the farthest ends of the world, and besides an amount of gold and silver which seems incredible to those who have not seen it hauled in dray loads, like pig iron, to the vaults of San Francisco banks, as I have; and she is opening her arms to that rich commerce of the East which has made the wealth of every nation that possessed it. California with its 750 miles of sea coast, and forty millions acres of arable land—an agricultural area which exceeds in extent that of Great Britain and Ireland combined; and, in addition to this vast amount of tillable land, forty millions acres of mineral land, holding within its bosom untouched, millions of hidden treasure, which science, labor and enterprise, are daily discovering and adding to our national wealth, from which source has already been added to our prosperity from that State alone since 1848, \$1,000,000,000 of dollars. And Nevada, a State many of you have scarcely heard of, but whose development

of the precious metals has thrown on the world from a single argentiferous lode nearly \$75,000,000, and with its capital city of 25,000 people which in 1863 was the site of a digger Indian camp.

Here we have on that Pacific slope an agricultural capacity, according to a late official report, adequate to the support of one hundred millions of inhabitants, and an annual gold product, the aggregate of which, since 1848, is estimated at a thousand and one hundred million of dollars. And after having lavished on every charity and educational project, and in donations to enterprises of national value, millions of acres of public land, we have yet remaining 1,414,567,574.96. What a noble heritage! And as yet we have scarcely begun its exploration and the development of its wondrous wealth and beauty. Its greatest river reaching out and touching the sources of the Columbia on the one side, and the Missouri on the other, flowing almost from the parallel of 45° north into tropical Mexico, is scarcely known to you by name, the Colorado. Look at this map, which I picked up by chance last night. It is the great outline of your estate. See how it stretches from the Arctic to the Tropics—from ocean to ocean, and then tell me you are willing to repudiate a mill of the debt which preserved it for you and your children.

And there is Oregon, and Arizona, and Utah, and New Mexico, and Idaho, and Montana, and Nebraska, and Dakota, and Colorado, and Wyoming, all inviting, with their virgin soil and teeming mineral treasures, the agriculturist and the miner, who are flocking in thousands from the shores of Europe, to fill these vacant lands with thrifty people—men who will bring with them the arts and manufactures of their native land, to beautify, enrich and utilize this vast wilderness. Men say to me: "You must know that country well; you have passed so much of your life there."

No! I do not know it. Twenty years in traversing it and in its study, have taught me how vast that domain is, and how impossible any one man should ever know it. Many lifetimes of many men, carefully devoted to it from

youth to age, would not suffice. When I look back at my explorations, the lines, in comparison with this great continent we Americans own, seem like cobwebs on the dome of our Capitol at Washington.

Talk to me about repudiating one mill of the debt or the interest on it, which kept this great territory together, under one Government for our children's children!—to me, who have seen the vast, illimitable extent of glorious and fertile hill and dale, fruitful plains and mineral-bearing mountains, yet to be peopled by our descendants, who must not and shall not blush for our action in this matter. What will the debt be to the millions who will come from abroad to settle this vast region, and draw forth the treasures of this wilderness, and who will have founded populous cities in the most hidden recesses of those solitudes, before this debt is due? What will it be to those who will have extracted ten times its amount, a few years hence, from the savage ravines of the Sierra Nevada, or the deep valleys of the Rocky Mountains? To-day, the debt is not much over fifty dollars a head to our population, what will it be a generation hence?

No! we will not repudiate a cent of our debt as long as there is an honest carpet-bagger of us left to pay it; and what is more, we carpet-baggers will not starve while we are about it. I have a recollection of some ancient carpet-baggers mentioned in the scripture, who went out into the land of Canaan and took it and possessed it, and I have no doubt they paid every shekel of their national debt out of the proceeds of their enterprise, as we will ours.

Why, what foolish men these Southern Democrats are to talk of driving out carpet-baggers. Do they know that these men are the brains, money, energy and enterprise of the North, and that from them is to come the regeneration of the South. Do they know, it is to them they are to look for masons, machinists, engineers, their farmers and all that goes to make a country valuable? It is the example of these men and their teachings which will show the young southern hotspur that true greatness does not consist in idleness at

the Cross Roads tavern, or in quarter-races between half-starved mustangs, or in duelling over disputes at a cock fight, or in that sort of chivalry which goes about at midnight with a mask and sheet, and with a childish, stupid, wicked formula cutting the throats of inoffensive old negro preachers and defenceless school-masters. The prosperity of England was laid in its foundation by carpet-baggers. It was the Flemish carpet-bagger who carried them, to escape the tyranny of Charles V. the knowledge of weaving cloth, and his industrious and frugal habits. The Plymouth fathers at the North were carpet-baggers, and so were the Huguenots of the South, and so are all who found new States by enterprise, courage and skill.

Every living thing that came out of the Ark was a carpet-bagger, except the elephant, and the Democrats have bought one of his lineal descendants, and have him on hand now with an aristocratic trunk full of Jeff. Davis's cast-off clothing.

I by no means say or, believe, that every Democrat is a rebel. Too many laid down their lives for the Union for that; but I do say, without fear of contradiction, that every rebel is a Democrat, and that is sufficient to cause a suspicion in the minds of thinking men as to who will rule the party. Can any one point to a dozen of their leaders who are not stained and tainted with unrepented treason? Are Vallandigham, and Forrest, and Semmes fit associates for men who love this Union? Are not their designs as disloyal as ever, and does not the Democratic party re-echo and enforce their sentiments? Here is a specimen of the language they use, taken from the Mobile (Alabama) Tribune, a very high Southern Democratic authority:—

"If we are successful in the approaching contest we shall regain all that we have lost in the 'Lost Cause.' We shall be freemen once more. We shall be able to reverse the iron rule which has been imposed upon us, and turning that iron into brass (our fire) hurl them back on the heads of the flagitious wretches who have inflicted so many foul and bloody wrongs on our bleeding country. Once more to the breach, then—yet once more! And when the cloud shall have cleared away from the shining idol, our flag—the grand old Confederate flag—will be seen in all its glory, streaming like the thunderbolt against the wind. Let us then rally once more around the DEAR OLD FLAG, which

we have followed so often to glory and to victory. Let us plant our standard in the midst of the field, and let us once more raise the war cry: 'He who doubts is damned; he who dallies is a dastard.' "

And here is what Semmes, the Pirate says, in a speech at Mobile, Alabama:—

"I have been a Democrat all my life—from before the war, during the war, and since the war—and fought the war on principles of Democracy, and as such I drew my sword against the old flag. * * * The grand old Democratic party has risen from the long slumber in which it has indulged, and now gives signs of new life and vitality, and I have come here to-night from the country to ratify and rejoice with you in the nomination of Seymour and Blair."

I ask honest Democrats if they can afford to be led by such men as these. And now, what do they propose to do, conjointly—the Southern rebel, and the Northern democrat? They propose to turn back eight re-constructed States which the measures of Congress have just rescued from all the confusion into which their rebellion had plunged them, and which the magnanimity of their conquerors have again admitted to their representation in Congress. They propose, I say, to turn these back again into all the chaos, confusion and crime from which they have just been plucked like a brand from the burning.

How can any one hesitate in his choice between the men offered for his suffrage? I am no hero worshipper, or believer in the infallibility of any man, except the Pope, but I take men as I find them. I find Mr. Seymour a gentleman of unexceptionable moral character but a man who has always been cold to the cause of the Union, ready always to measure his loyalty by the prospect of success for or against the cause. When the Union seemed lost he was willing to hasten its downfall by encouraging riots against the draft. When it seemed to have a brighter hope, he yielded a cold support—but I challenge any man to produce a single warm, whole-hearted, generous act of self-sacrificing support of his during the entire rebellion.

As for Grant, who shall speak his praise in befitting terms? All know him by his works. There they stand, the imperishable labors of a patriot. He can well afford to be silent whose works speak so eloquently for him. He might well say with the Grecian warrior of centuries ago: "I cannot play upon the flute, but I can

take a city." Against his great deeds your opponents place what they call the statesmanship of Mr. Seymour. To my mind this talk of state-craft is utterly beneath the notice of reflecting men. Who taught state-craft to Cromwell, England's greatest statesman? He lived the life of a plain country farmer, until past the age of forty, and then raised England to a height of political power she never knew or dreamed of before his administration of her affairs. Who taught Washington state-craft, and who schooled Andrew Jackson and Lincoln in the subtle art of diplomacy? Believe me, my friends, the man who can govern a dozen armies in the field, with all their complex movements, any one of which by miscarriage ruins all, can as well govern a state. It is *common sense*, wedded to integrity, and an inflexible determination to do justice and enforce it, which makes a statesman in this country. The days when every diplomatic note was a lie intended to cover and conceal an intention, are passed forever with us. All that does well enough in Europe among kings, where chicanery and fraud are the rule; but, thank God, America can afford to say the thing she means, and do it. And, after all, in times of great public distress and doubt, to whom do the people look for support and help? Is it to the crafty dealer in words, whose nicely adjusted syllables bear a double meaning in every line, or is it to the strong soldier whose name is a tower of strength to the nation.

In the event of a war with England, growing out of the Alabama claims, or any other, would you prefer Mr. Seymour to lead you, or General Grant? We are indebted to Democrats for an absurd idea, which has been widely circulated in Southern and Northern Democratic circles, of Grant's designs to put himself at the head of this Government permanently, if elected, by the power he would have with the army. I take this slander to be a direct insult to common sense. Is it likely, if he had ever known so little of the genius and spirit of this people as to entertain that idea for a single instant, he would not have seized the moment when, at the head of the great armies of the Republic, he closed his victorious career at Richmond,

with the surrender of Lee? But what, on the contrary, was the case? After a succession of victories such as no man since the world began—neither Philip, nor Alexander, nor Caesar, nor Charlemagne, nor Napoleon—had ever gained, he quietly threw off his uniform and sought refuge from the enthusiastic embraces of the people he had saved, in the happy domestic circle of his family. And when he reappeared on the theatre of public affairs, it was to disband those magnificent battalions, and commence the retrenchment of our expenses.

I do not know him. I never saw General Grant but once. I remember it well. Some dozen of us met every evening at a prominent hotel in San Francisco, before going to a Ball Court for exercise. I once saw, sitting on one side, a quiet, unobtrusive officer, who seemed absorbed in thought. I said to a companion, an officer, also, Dick, who is that? Oh, said he, that is only Sam Grant. He can't play ball. Years afterwards I came to comprehend he knew more of the game of ball than any man living, and played it better and for higher stakes—the life or death of a nation. How little I then thought as I glanced at that plain, silent, quiet looking man, his name would one day send a thrill of enthusiastic delight through that same city by the sea. How little I then thought his name would go up to Heaven in the prayers of hundreds of thousands, whose joy sought the worship of God as a relief for overpowering feelings of gratitude for a country saved.

Day by day, we heard of the war on that far off coast. At one time, to use a California expression, when our hearts were down in our boots, came Donelson and unconditional surrender—then a pause—the telegraph didn't work—then came disasters thick and fast—we grew sick and nervous with hope deferred. The morning papers were read in secret. The Union man read them, but made no comment to his wife. She read them after he had left for work or business, and with many bitter tears. The Union seemed lost. Gloom and despondency were our daily guests. When we met Democrats, as all the Southern men

called themselves—and there was a good few of them out there—we pulled our hats over our eyes to escape their malignant taunts. One morning, Ah! don't I remember it, we opened the paper. It was headed in unaccustomed capitals—"Great Victory, Battle of Shiloh—Grant leads a charge of 5000 men!"

I must be dead and buried before I forget the emotions of that day. Union men held up their heads once more, and they never lowered them again. We felt then we had an arm to lean on strong enough to bear the strain. Vicksburg and Chattanooga followed, and finally Richmond; but after Vicksburg we knew rebellion was dead, because Grant lived.

And now talk to me about any acts of statesmanship of Mr. Seymour's, beside such works as these!

We want Peace. The country requires it. We have fought enough for the present; but how is Peace best courted? By our party, who have chosen it as their motto, and whose image we have placed among our household gods; or by the Democrats, whose endorsement of Blair's inflammatory doctrine, letters and speeches means civil war?

There is a great sympathy for the South expressed by our opponents, who speak in terms of moving pathos of her poverty; but I tell you she is richer to-day than during any year of her rebellion, and her cotton crop will reach in value, if not in amount, in the coming year her largest yield. Let me trouble you to listen awhile to facts on this subject. I quote from an authority not likely to exaggerate a statement, the New York Journal of Commerce:

"The largest crop of cotton ever received at Memphis was that of the year 1860. That crop was a little short of 400,000 bales. It was worth at an average about \$40 per bale. At that rate the total value was about \$18,000,000.

"The crop of 1867 was in round numbers, 260,000 bales. The crop of the present year will undoubtedly largely exceed the crop of 1860. At this time the crop standing on the ground is better than it has been for twenty years past—that is, for the area in cultivation. Not as large breadth of land is in cultivation as in years before the emancipation. It is, however, the universal, unanimous report of the planters that the negroes in the country have worked with an industry and good will never exceeded at any time in their history. This is true of the negroes in the country around Memphis, and of which that city is the commercial market

While the worm has done much damage to the crop in other portions of the South, up to the present time it has not appeared in the country trading at Memphis, and the season is now too far advanced for it to appear or do much damage.

"It is, therefore, safe to estimate that the crop of the present year will reach as high a figure as 300,000 bales.

"At the present prices of cotton it is worth much more than \$100 per bale. But at that rate, (\$100 per bale) the 300,000 bales will be worth \$30,000,000. In view of the present prospect as to prices, it seems fair to estimate that cotton will command through the season an average of \$100 a bale."

I cannot find anything very melancholy in this. Under the present system, which as yet is in its infancy, we have a gain of \$12,000,000 over the old slave system. This, my friends, Democrats and Republicans, is one of the first fruits of those abominable reconstruction acts of the "Rump Congress of carpet-baggers," as Mr. Blair delights to call them. I confess I have no great sympathy for the South. Before I can have, another Ezekiel must come clothed with authority from Almighty God, and go down into her great valleys and call upon the dry bones of our three hundred thousand men, which lay there, to array themselves with flesh again, and return to the arms and the hearths which their absence has made desolate so long.

"Rise, too, ye shapes and shadows of the Past,
Rise from your long-forgotten graves at last;
Let us behold your faces, let us hear
The words ye uttered in those days of fear!
Revisit your familiar haunts again.—
The scenes of triumph and the scenes of pain,
And leave the foot-prints of your bleeding feet
Once more upon the pavement of the street."

Peace is not only necessary to us, but to another nation very dear to the American heart. Peace to us means Freedom to Ireland. The joy of England over our misfortunes arose out of her delight that our troubles left that oppressed country, bound hand and foot at her feet, for United America is Ireland's only hope.—Irishmen take this to your hearts. You can only receive help from the unity of this nation. If you disturb that and elect Mr. Seymour with Gen. Blair's views of civil war, you strike to the heart the only country which has ever offered sympathy and succor to Ireland.

Recall the life and labors of that great patriot statesman, O'Connell. Ask yourselves where he would stand, if the grave would give him up, and loosen that eloquent tongue to-day.—Remember his noble reply to twenty-seven

members of Parliament, who offered him power for silence on the question of slavery.—Think of the eloquent pathos of that noble answer, worthy of the great man who uttered it: "Gentlemen, God knows that I have the most hapless constituency on which the sun ever set, but may my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, before, even to help Ireland, I keep silent on the slave question." Irishmen, think well if the smooth sentences of the aristocratic Democrat Seymour will avail you as much for your purposes as the Republican sword of Grant.

The most prominent of your Democratic leaders tells you, that whether or not you are successful in restoring liberty to your country, he hopes you will remain there. I quote from what I have not seen denied—Mr. Blair's speech at St. Louis:

Gentlemen:—I am with heart and soul, and heartily say, "God bless the Finnegans." [A voice—"Fenians, General."] I know what I am talking about, and I say *Finnegans*. [Laughter and confusion.] and I say I hope to see the cause flourish and prosper, and shall bless the day when Ireland is governed by Irishmen. In accomplishing this laudable undertaking I will do all I can to assist you. I will place myself, if needs be, at your head, march with you to Staten Island, oversee your embarkation, will stand on the most elevated bluff of the coast, and, as you raise the green emblem over the stars and stripes, while your steamers, under full headway, are turning their bows to the East, I will say, *Good-by*, God bless you, and may you be successful in your undertaking.—May you lift the British Lion out of his boots, and wrest from his grasp the emerald gem of the sea; but whether or not you shall succeed in this endeavor, may each and all of you remain in Ireland, or elsewhere, and never again set foot upon these shores. You are wanted there, and we can get along without you here.

We, on the contrary, open our arms to receive you, and ask you to come and share with us the rich treasures of that great country of which I have just spoken to you. We acknowledge your gallantry in war, and your usefulness in peace, and we welcome you to our shores with delight, sharing with you our store of blessings and prosperity, with fraternal love, and offering you that highest of human rights—the privilege of the citizen.

I have spoken elsewhere of that blind adherence to a name which holds many of your party, but if your leaders can change their shapes as readily as Proteus, why may not you muster up the nerve to do likewise. Here is what

your favorite thought of Democracy but a short time since. I commend it to you for sober reflection:

"The Democratic party of the present day is Democratic in name, and nothing else. The old Jefferson and Jackson principles have been abandoned. The man who did not escape the rope by three hours is the author of all to which the Democratic party of the present day subscribes. It has not one scintilla of true Democracy to animate its carcass."

I do not know what to think of Gen. Blair. Personally, I have the highest regard for him, but his political course is a riddle far beyond my power to read. You all remember he was here a few short years ago, pleading with real eloquence the cause of the "Carpet-bag Government" of Kansas, and was then the head and front of abolitionism, and popular credence gives him the credit as Kearney's Attorney General of New Mexico, the drawing of that code which gave to every male of legal age the privilege of voting, negroes included. From his noble and generous nature I should think no one more likely to have drawn an instrument of that kind.

Now we find him opposing with bitter violence his own former doctrines. Nor does he hesitate to avow his intentions if elected and placed in power, to array against the will of the people, as heretofore expressed by the Congress of the United States, the power of the President. Here is what he says:

"There is but one way to restore the Government and the Constitution, and that is for the President elect to declare these acts null and void, compel the army to undo its usurpations at the South, disperse the carpet-bag State governments, allow the people to reorganize their own governments, and elect Senators and Representatives."

But this can only be done by an appeal to arms, and whence would he recruit his army? Would it be from the veterans of Grant, whose wounds are yet green and whose scars are not yet healed, that he would expect to draft the regiments to destroy the Government they have perilled their lives a thousand times to save?—I can imagine a regiment pursuing its march under his orders to destroy this country, and coming suddenly in view of the lofty column which rears its stately head to mark the graves of their comrades who fell at Gettysburg! I think I see their sparkling eyes and hear the mounting murmur of their indignation rise to

a roar of irrepressible wrath which would shake that grand pillar to its base, as they renounced the errand they had been despatched on by a madman.

I think I see that regiment halting, and scattered in groups over that hallowed spot, drums and rifles thrown to the ground, arms with their bright bayonets stacked in pyramids of steel at intervals, and groups of soldiers in quiet soberness viewing the landscape now so peacefully spread out before them, and listening to some old grizzled sergeant, who, tall and strong, though rough with many a rugged wound, leans thoughtfully on his musket, and tell the story of that stricken field. "There," he says, stretching out his hand, "off where that curling smoke marks the village, the gallant Reynolds fell. Here, away to the left, the noble Howard lost that good right arm, and here where the rebel surge came rolling on to break upon our bayonet points, beneath that lofty cliff, I saw the rebel Armistead fall, a hundred yards in advance of all his column; and when that furious wave of war receded, I saw amidst the blood, and smoke, and carnage, where it broke, the surgeons carving off the leg of gallant Dan Sickles, while all around, thick as leaves in autumn, lay our Union dead.—And here, standing upon their sacred graves, and beneath the shadow of that grand column a grateful country raised to mark this modern Marathon, I call upon you, soldiers of the army of the United States, to renew your vows to keep holy that which our comrades died to save—the Union and Constitution of our country."

No. The recruits for such an army must be drawn from the barbarous hordes of Lee and Davis, who would find in it congenial employment and a more extended field for Ku-Klux chivalry. The only theory by which to reconcile Blair's previous with his present action, is that he is one of those Quixotic knights who always feel bound to fight on the weakest side, and on this hypothesis I admit he has chosen the weakest possible to conceive. Nevertheless he has fought for the Union bravely, and now, I remember, as strengthening my theory, he did that, too, when the Union was the weakest side; and so for the good he has

done, and in recognition of his principle of always fighting on the weak side, we may pray, God bless him, and that we may never be so weak as to need him on our side again.

On the contrary, and opposed to this noble but gallant and misguided Quixote, we have the calm, deliberate, consistent Colfax—a man whose course, so mild but firm, so decided yet courteous, so marked with ability, yet so modest, and so entirely Democratic in the best sense of that word, that even political opponents confess his ability, and slander and calumny forget their vocation, whenever his name is mentioned.

I have detained you quite as long as I have any right to on this occasion, and I thank you for your attention. I have no ends to gain by the success of the Republican party in this political campaign, nor a single aspiration of any political character. I am influenced by no other interest than that which I share with those of my political belief everywhere, that the welfare of our whole country demands the success of our party in the coming election. If the Democratic party is successful, I feel and fear we are to have long years of trouble and dissension which will test every link in the cable which binds us together, and most likely culminate in civil war.

I foresee additional complications, debts and taxation—stagnation of trade, which is just beginning to revive and seeking again its wonted channels of success, and, finally, Republican Institutions, betrayed by the Iscariot kiss of Southern Rebels, crucified between thieves, while kings, and princes, and nobles scoff and jeer at the miserable failure of the people to govern themselves.

On the other hand, I believe, if the Republican party is successful, the Reconstruction laws and all others will be fairly and justly administered. Foreign nations will respect and fear us. White-winged commerce will again revisit us and carry our flag with honor to the most distant seas. Manufactures and domestic industries of all kinds will be stimulated by an immense increase of emigration. The East—that land of early civilization and mystery—that land of old Romance—the land of the Arabian Nights, of Ali Baba and Hassan, and Alraschid—whose commerce, like the flood of its great river, has fertilized and enriched with overflowing wealth the nations it has favored; traffic which has made the remotest ends of the earth its tributaries, and raised monuments to its ancient value which remain, to our days, in the ruins of Baalbek, of Palmyra, of Tyre and Sidon, Cairo and Alexandria will pour its golden treasures into our lap.

And finally, after long years of trial and tribulation—for all these things require the softening influences of time, as well as just government—I foresee our country mistress of the world abroad, and happy and united in brotherly love at home!

“Who shall then declare
The date of thy deep founded strength, or tell
How happy in thy lap the sons of man shall
dwell.”

Then, when every cloud shall have cleared from our political horizon, and your great leader, too, shall have passed away, and like some gorgeous sunset, left only the radiant halo of his glory behind, a grateful people will raise a mighty pyramid, tall and solid as that of the Egyptian Cheops, and dedicate it, with blessings, to GRANT, the Peacemaker, eighteenth President of the United States.

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